

The Family Circle.

For the Christian Reflector.

Honey in the Wood.

BY MRS. J. P. PAPPAS.

"And when the people had come into the wood, behold, the honey-drops were falling from the end of the rod that was in his hand, and dipped it in a honey-comb, and put his hand to his mouth, and his eyes were enlightened."—1 Samuel 14:13.

Spent with the food of waiting war,
His drooping limbs compelled to rest—
The hanging Chief of Israel saw
Where nature furnished solid rest.

The aged warrior had shed
His arms and his armor around;
And the rich forest by daily growth,
Free as the winds, along the ground.

For there, upon the tangled grass,
Dropt the sweet honey of that life;
Yet, till the day's shade should pass,
No Hebrew might partake and live.

The leader's son, the empire's heir,
The monarch in the conflict's van,
The victor, what was he then?
A weary, worn, and famished man.

He took and ate—no more oppressed,
From eyes, enlightened, flashed his joy!
O fasting soul! be thou as least
With drops of Grace, that never cease.

And praise him who leads sons of care,
Purged by sin and sore distress—
From famine and from flight, to where
There's Honey in the Wilderness.

A Forest Funeral.

We had one long and weary, and somewhat unsuccessful, expedition last fall. We made our calculations to go through the whole hunting district in the course of six days, and reach the river ten miles below our cabin, on Saturday, so that we might attend church there—or rather, hear preaching, in a log school house, from a clergyman who once a month visited the small settlement. We worked hard during the week, and we were not sorry at dusk on Saturday to sit down in the comfortable frame of Colonel—, who is the owner of some thousands of acres in that immediate vicinity. The school house, in which services were to be, is beautifully situated, in a grove of oaks, on a point around which the river ends and runs rapidly, with a lulling sound. Did you ever notice how different the voice of a river is in passing different scenes? Up in the gorge above it is wild, and raging, as if angry with the rocks it meets, and its voice is like the voice of a wounded warrior. But here it goes slowly and sedately by the little "oak school house," as it is called, and seem to linger, as if loving the quiet scene.

It was nearly midnight of Saturday night that a messenger came to Col.—, requesting him to go to the cabin of a settler some three miles down the river, and see his daughter, a girl of fourteen, who was supposed to be dying. Col.—, awoke me, and asked me to accompany him, and I consented, taking with me the small package of medicines, which I always carried in the forest. But I learned soon that there was no need of these, for her disease was past cure.

Leaving the house, we descended to the bank of the river, and stepped into a canoe that lay in the eddy, and seizing a pole, flung it at one end for a paddle. Col.—, pushed the slight vessel out into the current, and we shot swiftly down the river, and in many night scenes that I forgot giving you. You may imagine the scene if you choose, as I lay in the bottom, and he used his pole and now his paddle, to guide the bark in the rapids.

"She is a strange child," said the Colonel, "her father is as strange a man. They live together alone on the bank of the river. They came here three years ago, and no one knows whence or why. He has money, and is a keen shot. The child has been wasting away for a year past. I have seen her often, and she seems gifted with a marvelous intellect. She speaks sometimes as if inspired; and she seems to be the only hope of her father."

We reached the hut of the settler in less than half an hour, and entered it reverently. The scene was one that cannot easily be forgotten. There were books and evidences of luxury and taste lying on the rude table in the center. A guitar lay on a bench near the small window, and the bed furniture, on which the dying girl lay, was as soft as the covering of a dining room. I was, of course, startled, never having heard of these people before; but knowing it to be no uncommon thing for missionaries to go into the woods to live and die, I was content to ask no explanations, more especially as the death hour was evidently near.

"She was a fair child, with masses of long black hair lying over her brow. Her eye was dark and piercing, and as it met mine, she started slightly, but smiled and looked upward. I spoke a few words to her father, and turning to her asked her if she knew her condition. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," said she in a voice whose melody was like the sweetest strain of an Eolian. You may imagine that the answer startled me, and with a few words of like import, I turned from her. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," said she in a voice whose melody was like the sweetest strain of an Eolian. You may imagine that the answer startled me, and with a few words of like import, I turned from her.

"My child," said the old man, "Doth the flood seem deep to thee?" "Nay, father, for my soul is strong."

"Seest thou the thither shore?" "I see it, father, and its banks are green with immortal verdure."

"Hear thou the voices of its inhabitants?" "I hear them, father, as the voices of angels, filling from afar in the still and solemn night-time; and they call me. Her voice too, father—Oh, I heard it then!"

"Doth she speak to thee?" "She speaketh in tones most heavenly."

"Doth she smile?" "An angel smile! But a cold, calm smile. But I am cold—cold—cold!—Father, there's a mist in the room, and I feel lonely, lonely. It is death, my Mary."

"Thank God."

I stepped out into the night, and stood long and silently looking at the rushing river. The wife of a settler argued some other, and then the Colonel's excellent lady and her daughter, and we left the cabin.

The Sabbath morning broke over the eastern hills before we reached the school-house again. But never came Sabbath light so solemnly before.

As evening approached, a slow and sad procession came through the forest to the little school-house. There with simple rites the good clergyman performed his duty, and we went to the grave. It was in the enclosure where two of Col.—'s children lie, a lovely spot. The sun was setting as we entered the grove. The procession was short. They were hardy men and rough, in shooting jackets, and some with rifles on their shoulders. But their warm hearts gave beauty to their unshaven faces, as they stood in reverent silence by the grave. The river murmured, and the birds sang, and so we buried her.

pass through the place of graves to the temple of God on earth, so we must pass through the grave to the temple of God on high.

Journal of Commerce.

Rules for Governing Children.

1. Exercise your authority as seldom as possible, and instead of employing kind persuasion and deliberate reasoning; but when you exercise it, make it irresistible.

2. Be careful how you threaten, but never lie.

3. Avoid tones and words which are expressive of agitation for trivial matters, indicative of no depravity, and exhibiting only the heedlessness or forgetfulness of children, or perhaps nothing more than is common to all young animals, a love to use their limbs. In all such cases the tones should be kind and pleasant, rather than authoritative; and even the gravity of authority should be reserved exclusively for cases of disobedience or depravity, or for the prevention of serious evil. A perpetual fretting at children for little things, will inevitably harden their hearts, and finally destroy parental authority and influence.

There never was a fretting parent, who often threatened and seldom performed, that had a particle of efficient government.—E. D. Griffin.

Youth's Department.

For the Christian Reflector.

Annie and the Roses.

Annie Stephens lived in a small New England village. Her father's house was surrounded by green meadows, tall trees, and pure and gently flowing streams. Strangers often, when they were passing through the place, would pause to admire the beautiful scenery, in the vicinity of farmer Stephens' residence. The house itself was not however very attractive in its appearance. It was old, of a faded brown color, with two stories in front, and behind, it sloped almost down to the ground, and was surrounded by a garden, at one end of which was a bucket, at the other a large stone. This well stood at the back part of the house. In the front yard, there were two luxuriant rose bushes which Annie was very fond of tending.

It was a beautiful occasion, in the latter part of the month of June. Annie was standing in the yard, gathering roses to carry to a young girl who was sick in the neighborhood; and as she filled her apron with the beautiful and fragrant blossoms, she repeated in a low voice,

"We have the flowers, the gentle flowers,
And therefore, God has scattered them
So lavishly around us."

Just at this moment her brother James came from the house, and, laying his hand upon her shoulder, said—

"And so, Annie, you are at your roses again as usual; I know you love these bushes better than anything else in the world. I really think you spend half your time with them."

"I may call a little sort of being the 'whole' half," as Willie says, but I am sure it is a large proportion."

"Well, I don't deny my fondness for flowers. I love them as among the most beautiful of God's gifts."

"But I wish you would leave the bushes now, and go with me into the house; I have something I want to show you."

Annie readily complied with her brother's request, and was greatly surprised to find a beautiful ten-rose plant, standing on a table in a neat flower pot. James had purchased it the day before, for his sister; but it had been brought to the house only a few minutes before.

From that time, it would have been a difficult matter to decide, whether Annie's attention was most occupied by the rose-bushes, in the yard, or by the ten-rose plant in the house.

Children at Play.

I found the Battery unoccupied, save by children whom the weather made as merry as birds. Everything seemed moving to the eternal tune of—

"Original plans are fresh and fair,
And green woods are green."

To one who was chasing her hoop, I said, smiling, "You are a nice little girl. She stopped, looked up in my face, so rosy and happy, and laying her hand on her brother's shoulder, exclaimed earnestly, 'And he is a nice little boy too.' It was a simple, child-like act, but it brought a warm glow into my heart. Blessings on all unselfish! on all that leads us in love to prefer another. Here lies the secret of universal harmony: this is true. Only by losing ourselves can we find ourselves. How clearly does the divine voice within us proclaim this, by the hymn of joy it sings, whenever we witness an unselfish deed, or hear an unselfish thought. Blessings on that loving little one! She made the city seem a garden to me. I kissed my hand to her, as I turned off in quest of the Brooklyn ferry. The sparkling waters swarmed with boats, some of which had taken a big ship by the hand, and were leading her out to sea, as the prattle of childhood and the voices of wisdom into the deepest and broadest thought."

Alchemist and Alchemist.

You are shocked when you think of the destruction which the mental gifts of a conqueror can bring upon the world. But have you ever represented to yourself the destruction which is brought upon the world by the high endowments of writers who follow the impulse of ambition, and are too easily betrayed to serve a lie? The one lays waste houses, the other ruins hearts; the one destroys life, the other poisons faith and love. O! what a bloodless, but not less crying murder is that which is continually committed, far and wide, over town and country, by authors who in their proud spirit serve lies. O! if such man could not be brought into heaven, and if he be true in regard to those richly endowed with mental gifts, but destitute of purity of heart.—Thobek.

Precocity No Mark of Genius.

"What is the use of these, thou gaudied sapling?" said a young larch tree to a young oak tree.

"I grow three feet in a year, thou scarcely as many inches. I am straight and taper as a reed, thou straggling and twisted as a hosiery vine."

"And thy duration?" answered the oak in a scornful tone, "I am appointed to flourish for a thousand years, thou art doomed to decay in a few months."

"Thou art filled, and sawn into planks, when thou art old, and art burned for a single moment; of me are fashioned battle-ships, and I carry mariners and heroes into unknown seas. The richer nature, the harder and slower development. Two boys were once of a class

in the Edinburgh Grammar School; John, ever trim, precise and dux; Walter ever slovenly, confused and dolt. In due time, John became Bailie John of Hunter Square; and Walter became Sir Walter Scott, the universal favorite. The quickest and completest of all vegetables, in the cabbage.—Thomas Carlyle.

Letters from Yucatan—No. 9.

Foreign Correspondence of the Christian Reflector.

Moving slowly along with the crowd, from our position near the Convent and Chapel of the Franciscans, from which point we had seen 'the Paseo,' we approached a large, one-story house, whose balconies and windows were brilliantly illuminated. The door was open, and crowds of all classes were pouring in, the most respectable, as well as the most dissipated—priests, doctors, lawyers, students, mestizcos, and Indians—men and women, young and old, all eager to enter—Music was heard within, with shoutings, and laughter, and at intervals, a loud thumping noise; but high above all the tones of a boy's voice, there came a sweet, melodious, and very agreeable to nervous individuals.

Curious to discover the cause of the tumult, we pressed through the crowd, and after being subjected to some pretty severe rubs, found ourselves within the arched doorway, where a crowd of people stood looking at us. Near the door a band of music were flourishing away furiously, while the corridors, rooms, sala and patio were occupied by rough, narrow tables, covered with innumerable candles, squares of paper, and bits of cotton, and the air was filled with the voices of men and women gathered—young and old, senoras and senoritas 'Lu gente decente,' side by side, to the number of five or six hundred. Most of them were well dressed, and sat gazing with great interest at the squares of paper before mentioned.

In the corner of the patio which was covered with an immense *costal*, to protect the company from the dew, stood a wheel of fortune, which a boy was turning, and at intervals, taking out a small round object, marked with some number, which he called out in sharp, piercing tone, making himself heard distinctly above all other noise. Making our way through the throng, with faces streaming with perspiration, we succeeded in finding a few vacant seats, of which we took possession forthwith.

Looking around to discover the meaning of this seeming Babel, a short fat gentleman with a very merry countenance, who sat upon my right, rapped several times upon the table before him, and said, "The game is over, the boy shall lose; he has lost the game, and the game is over."

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attachment has a power far superior to the piano, and as sweet as the breath of zephyrs. If their merits were known to the thousands of pious families, part of whose daily worship is, or ought to be, the song of grateful praise, they could not fail of obtaining a universal popularity and favor. As the organ is a cumbersome and costly instrument for the house, and the piano-forte for sacred music, it seems to me, that this happy invention comes in to supply a great want. The excellence of Mr. Gilbert's instruments, I have seen abundantly tested, and are certified by some of the best musicians of the land. I suppose they are popular; but there should be one in every family who can afford it.

A Scene Worth Considering.

Years ago, the office of the old Gazette was in Hanover Square, near the corner of Pearl street. It was a place of resort for news and conversation, especially in the evening. The evening of Feb. 15th, 1815, was cold, and at a late hour, only Alderman Cebra and another gentleman were left with father Lang, the genius of the place. The office was about being closed, when a pilot rushed in and stood before the chief clerk, with the patient and unable to speak. "He has great news," exclaimed Mr. Lang. Presently, the pilot gasped for breath, whispered intelligibly, "Peace! Peace!" The gentlemen lost their breath as fast as the pilot gained his. "An English ship," he was able to say. "An English ship," he was able to say. "An English ship," he was able to say.

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